

## **Kendrick Lamar**

### **"The Heart Pt 3"**

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[Intro: Kendrick Lamar]

One two, one two, one two  
One two, one two, one two  
One two  
Turn the headphones up Ali  
One two  
You mix with Dre, right?  
Turn the headphones up

[Verse 1: Kendrick Lamar]

When the whole world see you as Pac reincarnated  
That's enough pressure to live your whole life  
sedated  
Find the tallest building in Vegas and jump off it  
But I could never rewrite history in a coffin  
So I'm talking to God, "Can you wash all these  
demons off me?"  
This last year I've been quite similar to Aaliyah  
Control my own destiny, only rapper that steered  
A G5, g's give high-fives to me and say, "Kendrick,  
just persevere."  
The presents of being rare  
As I lay in this four corner room staring at candles  
Thinking, "How can I make an example, for this  
generation of Compton?"  
My biggest fear is not feeling accomplished  
Or turning back to that same accomplice  
My past life was a child with no act right  
Trying to smile in a room of killers, turn into a crash  
site  
Influenced by niggas that spoke the gang culture fluent  
Assuring that some blossom early and some truant  
Thank God for the album I idolized  
It's dark and plus hell is hot, that's the start of this  
crazy ride  
Two young niggas, me and Dave inside the garage  
And thought we was Jay and Dame  
That's the lane that we tried to drive  
Truthfully, I just started rappin' to get away  
I never thought that your favorite rapper would want a  
verse

My nigga got hit 25 times with a K  
Make the decision, ride the beat or ride in a hearse  
Now Punch is my mentor, Top Dawg is the coach  
Jay Rock is my older brother, I was there when he wrote  
His name on his record deal, we had figured the coast  
Would live on a pedestal, once the shit hit the store  
Find ourselves scrambling, tryna figure it out  
Soul told me that the record shop Â'bout to go in a  
drought  
Q ainÂ't got a place to stay, and Â'bout to sleep on the  
couch  
We eating off each other tray, the dollar menu amount  
Meanwhile the coast going hard at each other  
The younger rappers had wanted some of the OGsÂ'  
comfort  
But I ainÂ't need it  
I never screamed out the Â'New WestÂ', I didnÂ't  
believe it  
They brought each other down, I was planning out my  
achievements  
I need to separate myself to stand out  
I need a better way to take your fans now  
I need to kill you motherfuckers dead  
Three hollow tips aimed at your head  
IÂ'll be damned if the chopper jam now  
And we never asked for no hand out  
In the midst of it all I recall a called when you said how  
We could never resolve in The Hall of Fame  
And IÂ'm with the trial with a Bible and a rifle  
I play the game as I plan blow  
Hollaback at me, nigga  
And if they said IÂ'm the one, why you asking me,  
nigga?  
Cause When the whole world see you as Pac  
reincarnated  
ThatÂ's enough pressure to make you just open the  
Book of David  
And pray to God hat make it or live your life in the  
matrix  
Cause falling off is a sickness, I heard that itÂ's quite  
contagious  
I need to separate myself to stand out  
I need a better way to take your fans now  
I need to kill you motherfuckers dead  
Three hollow tips aimed at your head

[Verse 2: Ab-Soul]

IÂ'll be damned if the chopper jam now  
And we never asked for no hand out  
IÂ'll take you back to that pack of Black & Milds in my  
hand now

In the midst of it all was cooking with pots and pans out  
Looking forward as four of us are forced to form a new  
clan now  
Fast forward as I wait in line for this passport  
The homies was still poor, was working at Jansport

[Verse 3: Kendrick Lamar]

Whoever thought that Rosenberg would mention me to  
Dre?  
Even Vanessa from XXL had told him to press play  
And there goes my fate, now I'm on stage with Snoop  
Gave me the torch and I ran with it in high pursuit  
Rapped with my forefathers, even record with Gaga too  
Lyricist of the year, fuck am I supposed to do? Rock

[Verse 4: Jay Rock]

Laughing at you niggas out there who thought we was  
flukes  
Exaggerated shit that we had rapped had came true  
Thought I was aggravated, when Warner had let me  
loose  
I was honest, see they was haunted when Mike Jones  
didn't recoup

[Verse 5: Kendrick Lamar]

Cool, cause niggas won't outdo us in the booth  
Even when my album leak, fans still buy it for proof  
I came, I saw, I conquered  
No shame, I blame all of this on Compton  
Thinking about when Sherane tried to set me up  
Cold game, full circle, they set up her  
I put my life in these twelve songs, my fight in these  
twelve songs  
The fight to ignite any wrong or right that I prolong  
The story was short film, the glory of him and them  
The worry of mother who don't recover when baby  
killed  
The trial and tribulations, the newer Miseducation  
The view of body wasting, you knew somebody who  
didn't make it  
The angry, the adolescent, the reason I ask this  
question  
Will you let Hip-Hop die on October 22nd?  
Will you let Hip-Hop die on October 22nd?

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